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## A SPIRITUAL EXTENSION OF A PHYSICAL LAW.

Of late years, the effects of different employments on the physical health of man have been freely discussed, and systematically traced, by means statistical and otherwise. That those effects are too often injurious, is an undisputed fact; while it is at the same time clear that they may be prevented, removed, or modified, by remedial contrivances or treatment. The maladies or malformations which arise from excess, possess their corresponding nostrum—moderation—or may be at least partially avoided by counteracting discipline proper to the case. Those which result from directly detrimental agency, can only be successfully combated by its mechanical removal or avoidance. The physiologist must use his skill to determine why a given kind of labour should give rise to a given form of ailment, and thus scientifically account for the cholera of painters, the wasting of grinders, the phthisis of masons, the gutta serena of needlewomen, or the nervous ruin of quicksilver miners. But it is sufficiently obvious to every one, without reference to any greater authority than common sense, that the multiform complaints to which working flesh is heir by reason of its labour, are due to one common and adequate cause—the breach of physical laws, by fealty to which humanity holds vigour and life. If a man, regardless of gravitation, throws himself from a precipice, it is not surprising if his neck be broken and his limbs mangled; if he submerges himself in water, he may reasonably expect soon to become comatose; or if he takes shelter beneath a tree in a thunder-storm, it will not be very wonderful if the lightning strike him dead. Extreme as these illustrations may appear, they involve neither more nor less than the reason and cause for those slower but not less certain evils which follow the overstraining of a sense, the inhalation of unwholesome air, or a too sedentary mode of life.

It is not a part of my intention to enter more fully on this subject, as it affects the physical part of man—his body; I wish to point out that strictly analogous results, in obedience to a strictly analogous, or rather the self-same law, may be observed in the spiritual part of man—his mind. After all, the whole matter is but a corollary of the great principle of law which reigns throughout the universe, so far as man is cognizant thereof, and which, from a moral point of view, is expressed in the reflection, that the rain falls both on the just and the unjust. There is a noteworthy parallelism between the body and the mind running through the history of man. Just as there is one great type of the human frame, to which all men conform, so is there

one type of soul. As the Caucasian mould is distinguishable from the Mongol, so the Caucasian mind is different from the Mongol. As nations physically differ, so mentally they vary; as family features bear the common mark of kinship, so do their spiritual attributes; and as each face possesses its own individuality, so has each character. Hereditary physique has its analogue in hereditary tone of mind; and it would not be difficult to adduce instances in which scientific, literary, or musical talent has descended through several generations. Although, therefore, character is essentially and originally diverse, there can be no doubt that its development, like that of the physical frame, may be perfect or imperfect, healthy or diseased, according to its surroundings and the facilities afforded it; and so far, and so far only, man is the creature of circumstance.

Mental philosophy, dealing with spiritual phenomena, evades the touchstone of experiment, is not amenable to units of reference, and owes no allegiance to ratios: thus it lies without the region over which the savant has dominion, and can never, perhaps, take its place amongst the exacter sciences. I say *perhaps*, because in these days of progress, especially physiological, it is hard to regard anything as entirely impossible. Nevertheless, from the infancy of philosophy it has been a recognised truth—without which recognition no mental philosophy could indeed exist—that there are spiritual laws no less sure in their effect, and constant in their energy, than those physical laws which ordain that the rain-drop should fall and the planets hold their untiring courses. And it is no less true, that in so far as man conforms to these spiritual ordinances, his mind shall be vigorous and healthy; and in so far as he disregards and violates them, his mind shall be distorted and diseased. It requires no difficult analysis to verify this conclusion by the characters of those we see around us in society. In the literature of fiction, in daily life, and colloquial speech, we discover a common conviction and thought, that different professions and occupations induce warped and diseased forms of character peculiar to themselves.

I believe that there may be and is a healthy conservatism; but I hold the conservatism of lawyers to be a professional disease. They deal habitually with dry forms, venerable to them for their antiquity, and valuable for the toil that has been bestowed upon them, though mummies to the world at large. It is hardly to be expected that a man will readily acknowledge the learned lore on which he has spent his best days, and to which he looks for sustenance and honour at the hands of society, to be outgrown, and only worthy of such respect as is due to a cast-off suit. No doubt

many a special pleader felt a pang, sharp and severe, when his elaborate and time-honoured entanglements were swept to the heap of things useless, and nuisances not to be endured; and many a conveyancer, mourning over the decline of his country, believes John Doe and Richard Roe to be as essential elements of the British constitution as her Majesty or the House of Lords. But worse than the conservative ailment is the disease of professional morality. It is the misfortune of patient students of the law that the moral elements of a 'case' have to be disregarded, or, rather, 'the height of reason' having determined generally what course is most conformable to moral law, it only remains to accept as the solution of the immediate question, the dictum or decision of a judge or bench of judges. The duty of the learned counsel is to make the best case he can for the litigant who fees him; to evade the telling of the whole truth, it may be; to explain away unpleasant facts; to influence the judge by an appeal to the law, and bamboozle, with appeals to the feelings, the jury. It is obvious that a man who devotes his whole energies to labour of this description, may easily become one-sided in his view of moral dignity and truth; but if the mere learned counsel is liable to somewhat stunted growth of the conscience, and monomaniacal antipathy to reform, the mere attorney is predisposed to graver forms of spiritual derangement. If the learned counsel is concerned with mummies, the mere attorney feeds on the skins of mummies. The pleader at least vivifies his antiquated notions with a galvanic semblance of life; he can shew how they were praiseworthy and useful in the year twelve hundred; but to the attorney they remain as lifeless as parchment, to the flavour of which his taste has been habituated. The moral element, even of feudal jurisprudence, does not come within his ken. His court of conscience is at Westminster. A right neither in equity nor at common law is no right at all. With him the first question is, 'Is there a loophole?' the second, 'Can my client slip through?' There is indeed a quasi-code for his guidance, that of respectability, which society has made for him; but the highest form of duty, which his inward eye can look upon and live, is his duty to his client, and the leading commandments for his government are: 'Thou shalt not make an unnecessary admission,' and 'Thou shalt not omit to take advantage of a point of law.' It is not to be wondered at that the practitioner becomes cautious and suspicious, disdainful of his fellow-men, a lover of technicality and detail, an upholder of red-tape and routine, and that society styles him the keen, shrewd Mr Ferret.

In thus depicting the unwholesome character of Mr Ferret, I do not intend to throw an aspersion on a profession tempted in no ordinary way, and possessing many high-spirited and noble members: I could not reasonably do this, any more than I could truthfully represent the majority of needlewomen as blind, or of masons as consumptive; but assuredly there is some truth to be recognised in the legal characters as depicted on the stage; and there must be some shadow of ground for the gibes of satirists and the reproaches of common speech.

In a conversation on reading, some time ago given to the world by a celebrated essayist, it is laid down—I cannot exactly quote the words—that the direction of our leisure studies ought to be as much as possible opposite to the tendency of our profession and habits of life—that a lawyer, for instance, should read works of imagination, and, I may add, philosophy. The undeniable tendency of the study of the law, even in superior minds, is to narrow their view, and raise detail and form above principle. Nothing can be more philosophically true than the remark of the essayist; and for my own part, I conceive that even where the mind is naturally averse from a particular branch of thought,

thus shewing a natural inaptitude, great benefit may be derived from a forced attention to the untasteful subject; for the defective faculties will thus be strengthened, as the brawny arm of the smith is rendered muscular by the exercise of his craft. It is a noticeable fact, that the foremost law-reformer in the profession is one who is remarkable for his attainments and ability in literature and science.

Perhaps there is no more intelligent or better-informed body of men in English society than that which practises the medical profession. We will not examine too minutely into their antecedents, when they were students walking the hospitals; but take them as they are when settled in their country 'habitats,' in the exercise of their useful functions. Probably this superiority is owing, in the first place, to their necessary acquaintance with some of the most important and attractive sciences; and, secondly, to their varied experience of character under the most trying circumstances. It is true they are not remarkable for business-like virtues, but neither are they for business-like vices. They are, for the most part, religious without being fanatics, and take sensible and decided views on social questions without being hot partisans. Nevertheless, there are certain mental aberrations to which they are subject, and which arise from their familiarity with suffering and death, and the dependence which they daily observe of the mind on the body. There is a tendency to materialism in their philosophy, and sometimes an apparent callousness to pain. I don't know that it can properly be regarded as a fallacious prejudice that they detest medicine, and are fond of hard words.

Of clergymen of divers churches, it is needless and inexpedient to say much. The odium theologicum, a very virulent complaint, has always had its headquarters in the pulpit. Preachers generally take an intensely clerical view of everything, and winding about themselves the net of some hard theological dogmatism, their cry to the thirsting multitudes too often is, 'I am of Paul,' and 'I am of Apollos,' with a change of names and drapery. Dry divinity is one of the most astounding products of the professional mind, when we consider the all-embracing and lofty theme upon which the authors have to dwell. Very recently, we have seen how theological training can interrupt and bend aside the reasoning of a man of science in the *Essay on the Plurality of Worlds*.

Having thus lightly touched upon the three professions which, according to the satirists, thrive on the follies and vices of mankind, it is unnecessary to dwell on other classes presenting various forms of mental perversion peculiar to their respective callings. I merely suggest the pedantry of schoolmasters, the superficial pictures of the little newspaper editor, the hard demonstrative nature of the mathematician, the dreamy unrealism of the poet, the petty huckstering spirit of the retail trader, the impractical thought of the theorist, and the anti-theoretical hostility of the practical man. There is one, and only one remedy for all—the education of the whole man, intellectually and morally. The threadbare adage of

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring,

is eminently false. There is more danger in deep knowledge of one branch of thought exclusively, than in an elementary knowledge of many branches. In our day, division of labour has extended itself to literature and science. Neither does any injury to the dignity of human character necessarily arise from the peculiar devotion of its powers to that division of knowledge to which it is best adapted; but in order to retain spiritual health and symmetry, it is needful to make ourselves acquainted with the labour of other men in other fields, to widen our horizon while we are labouring in

our more familiar path. All nature is symmetrical; we live in a realm of order and mutual dependence, and if, disobeying the injunctions of our nature, we unduly develop one faculty, it will be at the cost of others; and our characters will become as unsightly to the eye of contemplation as a hunchback or a cripple to the outward sense.

The spiritual ailments and deformities to which I have alluded are essentially distinct from those brain diseases which depend on physical causes, and are the proper subjects of the science of the physiologist and the skill of the physician. Of mania and idiocy, in their various forms, I have not intended to speak; but it seems to me that those spiritual derangements which manifest themselves in the jaundiced mind, and in party prejudice and professional foibles, and may be comprised in the term wrongheadedness, are no less remediable than physical ills, and may properly be placed in the category of diseases of the soul, which it is not only for our advantage to combat, but our duty. Thus only can we realise the ideal of the poet:

Man the image of his God,  
Erect and free.

## THE WAR-TRAIL:

### A ROMANCE.

#### CHAPTER XL.—RAFAEL IJURRA.

IN ill-humour I journeyed along. The hot sun and the dusty road did not improve my temper, ruffled as it was by the unpleasant incident. I was far from satisfied with my first lieutenant, whose conduct was still a mystery. Wheatley could not explain it. Some old enmity, no doubt, both of us believed—some story of wrong and revenge.

No everyday man was Holingsworth, but one altogether of peculiar character and temperament—as unlike him who rode by my side as acid to alkali. The latter was a dashing, cheerful fellow, dressed in half-Mexican costume, who could ride a wild-horse and throw the lasso with any vaquero in the crowd. He was a true Texan, almost by birth; had shared the fortunes of the young republic since the days of Austin; and was never more happy than while engaged in the border warfare, that, with slight intervals, had been carried on against either Mexican or Indian foe-man, ever since the lone-star had spread its banner to the breeze. No raw recruit was Wheatley; though young, he was what Texans term an 'old Indian fighter'—a real 'Texas ranger.'

Holingsworth was not a Texan but a Tennessean, though Texas had been for some years his adopted home. It was not the first time he had crossed the Rio Grande. He had been one of the unfortunate Mier expedition—a survivor of that decimated band—afterwards carried in chains to Mexico, and there compelled to work breast-deep in the mud of the great *zanacas* that traverse the streets. Such experience might account for the serious, somewhat stern expression that habitually rested upon his countenance, and gave him the character of a 'dark saturnine man.' I have said incidentally that I never saw him smile—never. He spoke seldom, and, as a general thing, only upon matters of duty; but at times, when he fancied himself alone, I have heard him mutter threats, while a convulsive twitching of the muscles, and a mechanical clenching of the fingers accompanied his words, as though he stood in the presence of some deadly foe! I had more than once observed these frenzied outbursts, without knowing aught of their cause. Harding Holingsworth—such was his full name—was a man with whom no one would have desired to take the liberty of asking an explanation of his conduct. His courage and war-prowess were well known among the

Texans; but it is idle to add this, since otherwise he could not have stood among them in the capacity of a leader. Men like them, who have the election of their own officers, do not trust their lives to the guidance of either stripling or coward.

Wheatley and I were talking the matter over as we rode along, and endeavouring to account for the strange behaviour of Holingsworth. We had both concluded that the affair had arisen from some old enmity—perhaps connected with the Mier expedition—when accidentally I mentioned the Mexican's name. Up to this moment the Texan lieutenant had not seen Ijurra—having been busy with the cattle upon the other side of the hill—nor had the name been pronounced in his hearing.

'Ijurra?' he exclaimed with a start, reining up and turning to me with an inquiring look.

'Ijurra.'

'Rafael Ijurra, do you think?'

'Yes, Rafael—that is the name.'

'A tall, dark fellow, moustached and whiskered?—not ill-looking?'

'Yes; he might answer that description,' I replied.

'If it be the same Rafael Ijurra that used to live at San Antonio, there's more than one Texan would like to raise his hair. The same—it must be—there's no two of the name; 'taint likely—no.'

'What do you know of him?'

'Know?—that he's about the most precious scoundrel in all Texas or Mexico either, and that's saying a good deal. Rafael Ijurra? 'Tis he, by thunder! It can be nobody else; and Holingsworth—Ha! now I think of it, it's just the man; and Harding Holingsworth, of all men living, has good reasons to remember him.'

'How? Explain?'

The Texan paused for a moment, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then proceeded to detail what he knew of Rafael Ijurra. His account, without the expletives and emphatic ejaculations which adorned it, was substantially as follows:

Rafael Ijurra was by birth a Texan of Mexican race. He had formerly possessed a hacienda near San Antonio de Bexar, with other considerable property, all of which he had spent at play, or otherwise dissipated, so that he had sunk to the status of a professional gambler. Up to the date of the Mier expedition he had passed off as a citizen of Texas, under the new régime, and pretended much patriotic attachment to the young republic. When the Mier adventure was about being organised, Ijurra had influence enough to have himself elected one of its officers. No one suspected his fidelity to the cause. He was one of those who at the halt by Laredo, urged the impudent advance upon Mier; and his presumed knowledge of the country—of which he was a native—gave weight to his counsel. It afterwards proved that his free advice was intended for the benefit of the enemy, with whom he was in secret correspondence.

On the night before the battle, Ijurra was missing. The Texan army was captured after a brave defence, in which they slew more than their own number of the enemy, and, under guard, the remnant was marched off for the capital of Mexico. On the second or third day of their march, what was the astonishment of the Texan prisoners to see Rafael Ijurra in the uniform of a Mexican officer, and forming part of their escort! But that their hands were bound, they would have torn him to pieces, so enraged were they at this piece of black treason.

'I was not in that ugly scrape,' continued the lieutenant. 'As luck would have it, I was down with a fever in Brazos bottom, or I guess I should have had to draw my bean with the rest of 'em, poor fellows!'

Wheatley's allusion to 'drawing his bean' I understood well enough. All who have ever read the account of this ill-starred adventure will remember, that the



Texans, goaded by ill treatment, rose upon their guard, disarmed, and conquered them! but in their subsequent attempt to escape, ill managed and ill guided, nearly all of them were recaptured, and decimated—each tenth man having been shot like a dog! The mode of choosing the victims was by lot, and the black and white beans of Mexico (*frijoles*) were made use of as the expositors of the fatal decrees of destiny. A number of the beans, corresponding to the number of the captives, was placed within an earthen *olla*—there being a black bean for every nine white ones. He who drew the black bean must die! During the drawing of this fearful lottery, there occurred incidents exhibiting character as heroic as has ever been recorded in story.

Read from an eye-witness:

'They all drew their beans with manly dignity and firmness. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say: "*Boys! this beats raffling all to pieces!*" Another: "*Well, this is the tallest gambling-scampe I ever was in.*" Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground exceedingly ill, called his brother William, and said: "Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place—I want to die!" The brother, with overwhelming anguish, replied: "No, I will keep my own place; *I am stronger, and better able to die than you.*" Major Cocke, when he drew the fatal bean, held it up between his finger and thumb, and, with a smile of contempt, said: "Boys! I told you so: I never failed in my life to draw a prize!" He then coolly added: "They only rob me of forty years." Henry Whaling, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, in a joyous tone: "Well, they don't make much out of me anyhow: I know I've killed twenty-five of them." Then demanding his dinner in a firm voice, he added: "They shall not cheat me out of it!" Saying this, he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, he had ceased to live! The Mexican fired fifteen shots at Whaling before he expired! Young Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that he "was perfectly willing to meet his fate—for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die." Edward Este spoke of his death with the coolest indifference. Cash said: "Well, they murdered my brother with Colonel Tannin, and they are about to murder me." J. L. Jones said to the interpreter: "Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country." Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death. Major Dunham said he was prepared to die for his country. James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate and said: "I am prepared to meet it." Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge their murder. \* \* \* \*

'They were bound together—their eyes being bandaged—and set upon a log near the wall with their backs towards their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance, saying they "*were not afraid to look death in the face.*" This request the Mexican refused; and to make his cruelty as refined as possible, caused the fire to be delivered from a distance, and to be continued for ten or twelve minutes, lacerating and mangling those heroes in a manner too horrible for description.

When you talk of Thermopylae, think also of Texas!

'But what of Holingsworth?' I asked.

'Ah! Holingsworth!' replied the Lieutenant; '*he has good cause to remember Ijurra, now I think of it. I shall give the story to you as I heard it; and my companion proceeded with a relation, which caused the blood to curdle in my veins, as I listened. It fully explained, if it did not palliate, the fierce hatred of the Tennessean towards Rafael Ijurra.*

In the Mier expedition, Holingsworth had a brother, who, like himself, was made prisoner. He was a delicate youth, and could ill endure the hardships, much less the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners were exposed during that memorable march. He became reduced to a skeleton, and worse than that, footsore, so that he could no longer endure the pain of his feet and ankles, worn skinless, and charged with the spines of acacias, cactus, and the numerous thorny plants in which the dry soil of Mexico is so prolific. In agony, he fell down upon the road.

Ijurra was in command of the guard; from him Holingsworth's brother begged to be allowed the use of a mule. The youth had known Ijurra at San Antonio, and had even lent him money, which was never returned.

'To your feet, and forward!' was Ijurra's answer.

'I cannot move a step,' said the youth despairingly.

'Cannot! *Carrai!* we shall see whether you can. Here, Pablo,' continued he, addressing himself to one of the soldiers of the guard; 'give this fellow the spur; he is restive!'

The ruffian soldier approached with fixed bayonet, seriously intending to use its point on the poor way-worn invalid! The latter rose with an effort, and made a desperate attempt to keep on; but his resolution again failed him. He could not endure the agonising pain, and after staggering a pace or two, he fell up against a rock.

'I cannot!' he again cried—'I cannot march further: let me die here.'

'Forward! or you *shall* die here,' shouted Ijurra, drawing a pistol from his belt, and cocking it, evidently with the determination to carry out his threat. 'Forward!'

'I cannot,' faintly replied the youth.

'Forward, or I fire!'

'Fire!' cried the young man, throwing open the flaps of his hunting-shirt, and making one last effort to stand erect.

'You are scarce worth a bullet,' said the monster with a sneer; at the same instant he levelled his pistol at the breast of his victim, and fired! When the smoke was blown aside, the body of young Holingsworth was seen lying at the base of the rock, doubled up, dead! A thrill of horror ran through the line of captives. Even their habitually brutal guards were touched by such wanton barbarity. The brother of the youth was not six yards from the spot, tightly bound, and witness of the whole scene! Fancy his feelings at that moment!

'No wonder,' continued the Texan—'no wonder that Harding Holingsworth don't stand upon ceremony as to where and when he may attack Rafael Ijurra. I verily believe that the presence of the commander-in-chief wouldn't restrain him from taking vengeance. It ain't to be wondered at!'

In hopes that my companion might help me to some knowledge of the family at the hacienda, I guided the conversation in that direction.

'And Don Ramon de Vargas is Ijurra's uncle?'

'Sure enough, he must be. Ha! I did not think of that. Don Ramon is the uncle. I ought to have known him this morning—that confounded *mezcal* I drank knocked him out of my mind altogether. I have seen the old fellow several times. He used to come to San Antonio once a year, on business with the merchants there. I remember, too, he once brought a daughter with him—splendid girl that, and no mistake! Faith, she crazed half the young fellows in San Antonio, and there were no end of duels about her. She used to ride wild-horses, and fling the lazo like a Comanche. But what am I talking about? That *mezcal* has got into my brains, sure enough. It must have been *her* you chased? Sure as shootin', it was!'

'Probable enough,' I replied in a careless way. My companion little knew the deep, feverish interest his remarks were exciting, or the struggle it was costing me to conceal my emotions. One thing I longed to learn from him—whether any of these amorous duellists had been favoured with the approbation of the lady. I longed to put this question, and yet the absolute dread of the answer restrained my tongue! I remained silent, till the opportunity had passed. The hoof-strokes of half-a-dozen horses coming rapidly from the rear, interrupted the conversation. Without surprise, I saw that it was Holingsworth and the rangers who had been left at the hacienda.

'Captain Warfield!' said the Tennessean as he spurred alongside, 'my conduct no doubt surprises you. I shall be able to explain it to your satisfaction when time permits. It's a long story—a painful one to me: you will not require it from me now. This much let me say—for good reason, I hold Rafael Ijurra as my most deadly foe. I came to Mexico to kill that man; and by the Eternal! if I don't succeed, I care not who kills me!'

'You have not then'—

With a feeling of relief, I put the question, for I read the answer in the look of disappointed vengeance that gleamed in the eyes of the Tennessean. I was not permitted to finish the interrogatory; he knew what I was going to ask, and interrupted me with the reply:

'No, no; the villain has escaped; but by'—

The rest of the emphatic vow was inaudible; but the wild glance that flashed from the speaker's eye expressed his deep purpose more plainly than words. The next moment he fell back to his place in the troop, and with his head slightly bent forward, rode on in silence. His dark taciturn features were lit up at intervals by an ominous gleam, shewing that he still brooded over his unavenged wrong.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE YELLOW DOMINO.

The next two days I passed in feverish restlessness. Holingsworth's conduct had quite disconcerted my plans. From the concluding sentences of Isolina's note, I had construed an invitation to revisit the hacienda in some more quiet guise than that of a filibustero; but after what had transpired, I could not muster courage to present myself under any pretence. It was not likely I should be welcome—I, the associate—nay, the commander—of the man who had attempted to take the life of a nephew, a cousin! Don Ramon had stipulated for a 'little rudeness'; he had had the full measure of his bargain, and a good deal more. He could not otherwise than think so. Were I to present myself at the hacienda, I could not be else than coldly received—in short, unwelcome.

I thought of apologies and pretexts, but to no purpose. For two days I remained in vacillating indecision; I neither saw nor heard of her who engrossed my thoughts.

News from head-quarters! A 'grand ball' to be given in the city!

This bit of gossip fell upon my ear without producing the slightest impression, for I cared little for dancing, and less for grand balls: in earlier youth I had liked both; but not then.

The thing would at once have passed from my thoughts, had it not been for some additional information imparted at the same time, which to me at once rendered the ball attractive.

The information I allude to was, that the ball was got up 'by authority,' and would be upon a grand scale. Its object was political; in other words, it was to be the means of cultivating a friendly intercourse between the conquerors and the conquered—a desirable

end. Every effort would be made to bring out the 'native society,' and let it see that we Yankee officers were not such 'barbarians' as they affected to deem, and in reality pronounced us. It was known—so stated my informant—that many families of the Ayankieados would be present; and in order to make it pleasanter for those who feared *proscription*, the ball was to be a masked one—*un baillé de mascarera*.

'The Ayankieados are to be there! and she'—

My heart bounded with new hope; and I resolved to make one of the maskers—not that I intended to go in *costume*. In my slender wardrobe was a civilian dress of proper cut, and tolerably well preserved: that would answer my purpose. The ball was to come off on the night following that on which I had word of it. My suspense would be short.

The time appeared long enough, but at length the hour arrived, and mounting my good steed, I started off for the city. A brisk ride of two hours brought me on the ground, and I found that I was late enough to be fashionable.

As I entered the ball-room, I saw that most of the company had arrived, and the floor was grouped with dancers. It was evident the affair was a 'success.' There were four or five hundred persons present, nearly half of them ladies. Many were in character costumes, as Tyrolese peasants, Andalusian *majas*, Bavarian broom-girls, Wallachian boyards, Turkish sultanas, and bead-bedecked Indian belles. A greater number were disguised in the ungraceful domino, while not a few appeared in regular evening-dress. Most of the ladies wore masks; some simply hid their faces behind the coquettish *rebozo tapado*, while others permitted their charms to be gazed upon. As the night wore on, and an occasional *copita de vino* strengthened the nerves of the company, the uncovered faces became more numerous, and masks got lost or put away.

As for the gentlemen, a number of them also wore masks—some were *en costume*, but uniforms predominated, stamping the ball with a military character. It was not a little singular to see a number of Mexican officers mingling in the throng! These were of course prisoners on *parole*; and their more brilliant uniforms, of French patterns, contrasted oddly with the plain blue dresses of their conquerors. The presence of these prisoners, in the full glitter of their gold-lace, was not exactly in good taste; but a moment's reflection convinced one it was not a matter of choice with them. Poor fellows! had they abided by the laws of etiquette, they could not have been there; and no doubt they were as desirous of shaking their legs in the dance as the gayest of their captors. Indeed, in this species of rivalry they far outstripped the latter.

I spent but little time in observing these peculiarities; but one idea engrossed my mind, and that was to find Isolina de Vargas—no easy task amid such a multitude of maskers. Among the uncovered faces she was not. I soon scanned them all, or rather glanced at them. It needed no scanning to recognise hers. If there, she was one of the *mascaritas*, and I addressed myself to a close observation of the *dames en costume* and the dominoes. Hopeless enough appeared the prospect of recognising her, but a little hope sustained me in the reflection, that, being myself uncovered, she might recognise me.

When a full half hour had passed away, and my lynx-like surveillance was still unrewarded, this hope died within me; and, what may appear strange, I began to wish she was *not* there. 'If present,' thought I, 'she must have seen me ere this, and to have taken no notice'—A little pang of chagrin accompanied this reflection.

I flung myself upon a seat, and endeavoured to assume an air of indifference, though I was far from

feeling indifferent, and my eyes as before kept eagerly scanning the fair maskers. Now and then, the *tourneur* of an ankle—I had seen Isolina's—or the elliptical sweep of a fine figure, inspired me with fresh hope; but as the mascaritas who owned them were near enough to have seen, and yet took no notice of me, I conjectured—in fact, *hoped*—that none of them was she. Indeed, a well-turned ankle is no distinctive mark among the fair *doncellas* of Mexico.

At length, a pair of unusually neat ones, supporting a figure of such superb outlines, that even the ungraceful domino could not conceal them, came under my eyes, and riveted my attention. My heart beat wildly as I gazed. I could not help the belief that the lady in the yellow domino was Isolina de Vargas. She was waltzing with a young dragoon officer; and as they passed me, I rose from my seat, and approached the orbit of the dance, in order to keep them under my eyes. As they passed me a second time, I fancied the lady regarded me through her mask: I fancied I saw her start. I was almost sure it was Isolina!

My feeling was now that of jealousy. The young officer was one of the elegant gentlemen of the service—a professed lady-killer—a fellow, who, notwithstanding his well-known deficiency of brains, was ever welcome among women. She seemed to press closely to him as they whirled around, while her head rested languishingly upon his shoulder. She appeared to be contented with her partner. I could scarcely endure the agony of my fancies.

It was a relief to me when the music ceased, and the waltz ended. The circle broke up, and the waltzers scattered in different directions, but my eyes followed only the dragoon officer and his partner. He conducted her to a seat, and then placing himself by her side, the two appeared to engage in an earnest and interesting conversation.

With me politeness was now out of the question. I had grown as jealous as a tiger; and I drew near enough to become a listener. The lowliness of the tone in which they conversed precluded the possibility of hearing much of what was said, but I could make out that the spark was 'coaxing' his partner to remove her mask. The voice that replied was surely Isolina's! I could myself have torn the silken screen from her face, through very vexation; but I was saved that indiscretion, for the request of her cavalier seemed to prevail, and the next instant the mask was removed by the lady's own hand. Shade of Erebus! what did I see? She was black—a *negress*! Not black as ebony, but nearly so; with thick lips, high cheek-bones, and a row of short 'kinky' curls dangling over the arch of her glistening forehead!

My astonishment, though perhaps of a more agreeable kind, was not greater than that of the dragoon lieutenant, who, by the way, was also a full-blooded 'southerner.' At sight of his partner's face he started, as if a six-pound shot had winded him; and after a few half-muttered excuses, he rose with an air of extreme *gaucherie*, and hurrying off, hid himself behind the crowd!

The 'coloured lady,' mortified—as I presumed she must be—hastily readjusted her mask, and rising from her seat, glided away from the scene of her humiliation. I gazed after her with a mingled feeling of curiosity and pity; I saw her pass out of the door alone, evidently with the intention of leaving the ball. I fancied she had departed, as her domino, conspicuous by its bright yellow colour, was no more seen among the maskers.

#### CHAPTER XIII. THE BLUE DOMINO.

Thus disappointed, I gave up all hope of meeting her for whose sake I had come to the ball. She was either not there, or did not wish to be recognised, even by

me. The latter supposition was the more bitter of the two; and goaded by it and one or two other uncongenial thoughts, I paid frequent visits to the 'refreshment-room,' where wine flowed freely. A cup or two drove the *one idea* out of my mind; and after a while, I grew more companionable, and determined to enjoy myself like others around me. I had not danced as yet, but the wine soon got to my toes as well as into my head; and I resolved to put myself in motion with the first partner that offered.

I soon found one—a blue domino—that came right in my way, as if the fates had determined we should dance together. The lady was 'not engaged for the next;' she would be 'most happy.'

This, by the way, was said in *French*, which would have taken me by surprise, had I not known that there were many French people living in C—, as in all the large cities of Mexico. They are usually jewellers, dentists, milliners, or other artisans of that class, who drive a lucrative trade among the luxury-loving *Mexicanas*. To know there were French people in the place, was to be certain you would find them at the ball; and there were they, numbers of them, pirouetting about, and comporting themselves with the gay *insouciance* characteristic of their nation. I was not surprised, then, when my blue domino addressed me in French.

'A French *modiste*!' conjectured I, as soon as she spoke.

Milliner or no, it mattered not to me; I wanted a dancing partner; and after another phrase or two in the same sweet tongue, away went she and I in the curving whirl of a waltz.

After sailing once round the room, I had two quite new and distinct impressions upon my mind: the first, that I had a partner *who could waltz*, a thing not to be met with every day. My blue domino seemed to have no feet under her, but floated around me as if borne upon the air! For the moment, I fancied myself in Ranelagh or Mabile! My other impression was, that my arm encircled as pretty a waist as ever was clasped by a lover. There was a pleasing rotundity about it, combined with a general symmetry of form and serpentine yieldiness of movement, that rendered dancing with such a partner both easy and delightful. My observation at the moment was, that if the face of the *modiste* bore any sort of proportion to her figure, she needed not have come so far from France to push her fortune.

With such a partner I could not otherwise than waltz well; and never better than upon that occasion. We were soon under the observation of the company, and became the cynosure of a circle. This I did not relish, and drawing my blue domino to one side, we waltzed towards a seat, into which I handed her with the usual polite expression of thanks.

This seat was in a little recess or blind window, where two persons might freely converse without fear of an eaves-dropper. I had no desire to run away from a partner who danced so well, though she were a *modiste*. There was room for two upon the bench, and I asked permission to sit beside her.

'Oh, certainly,' was the frank reply.

'And will you permit me to remain with you till the music recommences?'

'If you desire it.'

'And dance with you again?'

'With pleasure, monsieur, if it suit your convenience. But is there no other who claims you as a partner?—no other in this assemblage you would prefer?'

'Not one, I assure you. You are the only one present with whom I care to dance.'

As I said this I thought I perceived a slight movement, that indicated some emotion.

'It was a gallant speech, and the *modiste* is pleased with the compliment,' thought I.



Her reply:

'It flatters me, sir, that you prefer my company to that of the many splendid beauties who are in this saloon; though it might gratify me still more if you knew who I am.'

The last clause was uttered with an emphasis, and followed by a sigh!

'Poor girl!' thought I, 'she fancies that I mistake her for some grand dame—that if I knew her real position, her humble avocation, I should no longer care to dance with her. In that she is mistaken. I make no distinction between a milliner and a marchioness, especially in a ball-room. There, grace and beauty alone guide to preference.'

After giving way to some such reflections, I replied:

'It is my regret, *mam'selle*, not to have the happiness of knowing you, and it is not possible I ever may, unless you will have the goodness to remove your mask.'

'Ah! monsieur, what you ask is impossible.'

'Impossible! and why, may I know?'

'Because, were you to see my face, I should not have you for my partner in the next dance; and to say the truth, I should regret that, since you waltz so admirably.'

'Oh! refusal and flattery in the same breath! No, *mam'selle*, I am sure your face will never be the means of your losing a partner. Come! let me beg of you to remove that envious counterfeit. Let us converse freely face to face. I am not masked, as you see.'

'In truth, sir, you have no reason to hide your face, which is more than I can say for many other men in this room.'

'Quick-witted milliner,' thought I. 'Bravo, *Ranelagh*! Vive la Mabillo!'

'Thanks, amiable masker!' I replied. 'But you are too generous: you flatter me!'

'It is worth while,' rejoined she, interrupting me; 'it improves your cheek: blushes become you, ha, ha, ha!'

'The deuce!' I ejaculated half aloud, 'this *dame du Boulevard* is laughing at me!'

'But what are you?' she continued, suddenly changing her tone. 'You are not a Mexican? Are you soldier or civilian?'

'What would you take me for?'

'A poet, from your pale face, but more from the manner in which I have heard you sigh.'

'I have not sighed since we sat down.'

'No—but before we sat down.'

'What! in the dance?'

'No—before the dance.'

'Ha! then you observed me before?'

'O yes; your plain dress rendered you conspicuous among so many uniforms; besides your manner'—

'What manner?' I asked with some degree of confusion, fearing that in my search after *Isolina* I had committed some stupid piece of left-handedness.

'Your abstraction; and, by the way, had you not a little *penchant* for a yellow domino?'

'A yellow domino?' repeated I, raising my hand to my head, as though it cost me an effort to remember it—'a yellow domino?'

'Ay, ay—a ye-ll-ow dom-in-o,' rejoined my companion with sarcastic emphasis—'a yellow domino, who waltzed with a young officer—not bad-looking, by the way.'

'Ah! I think I do remember'—

'Well, I think you ought,' rejoined my tormentor, 'and well too: you took sufficient pains to observe.'

'Ah—aw—yes,' stammered I.

'I thought you were conning verses to her, and as you had not the advantage of seeing her face, were making them to her feet!'

'Ha, ha!—what an idea of yours, mad'm'selle!'

'In the end, she was not ungenerous—she let you see the face?'

'The devil!' exclaimed I starting; 'you saw the *dénouement* then?'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed she; 'of course I saw the *dénouement*, ha, ha!—*drole*, wasn't it?'

'Very,' replied I, not much relishing the joke, but endeavouring to join my companion in the laugh.

'How silly the spark looked? ha, ha!'

'Very silly indeed—ha, ha, ha!'

'And how disappointed'—

'Eh?'

'How disappointed you looked, monsieur.'

'Oh—ah—I—no—I assure you—I had no interest in the affair. I was not disappointed—at least not as you imagine.'

'Ah!'

'The feeling uppermost in my mind was *pity*—*pity* for the poor girl.'

'And you really *did* pity her?'

This question was put with an earnestness that sounded somewhat strange at the moment.

'I really did. The creature seemed so mortified'—

'She seemed mortified, did she?'

'Of course. She left the room immediately after, and has not returned since. No doubt she has gone home, poor devil!'

'Poor devil! Is that the extent of your pity?'

'Well, after all, it must be confessed she was a superb deception: a finer dancer I never saw—I beg pardon, I except my present partner—a good foot, an elegant figure, and then to turn out'—

'What?'

'*Una negrilla!*'

'I fear, monsieur, you Americans are not very gallant towards the ladies of colour. It is different here in Mexico, which you term *despotie*.'

I felt the rebuke.

'To change the subject,' continued she; 'are you not a poet?'

'I do not deserve the name of poet, yet I will not deny that I have made verses.'

'I thought as much. What an instinct I have! O that I could prevail upon you to write some verses to me!'

'What! without knowing either your name or having looked upon your face. *Mam'selle*, I must at least see the features I am called upon to praise.'

'Ah, monsieur, you little know: were I to unmask those features, I should stand but a poor chance of getting the verses. My plain face would counteract all your poetic inspirations.'

'Shade of *Lucretia*! this is no needlewoman, though dealing in weapons quite as sharp. Modiste, indeed! I have been labouring under a mistake. This is some *dame spirituelle*, some grand lady.'

I had now grown more than curious to look upon the face of my companion. Her conversation had won me: a woman who could talk so, I fancied, could not be ill-looking. Such an enchanting spirit could not be hidden behind a plain face; besides, there was the gracefulness of form, the small gloved hand, the dainty foot and ankle demonstrated in the dance, a voice that rang like music, and the flash of a superb eye, which I could perceive even through the mask. Beyond a doubt, she was beautiful.

'Lady!' I said, speaking with more earnestness than ever, 'I entreat you to unmask yourself. Were it not in a ball-room, I should beg the favour upon my knees.' 'And were I to grant it, you could hardly rise soon enough, and pronounce your lukewarm leave-taking. Ha, monsieur! think of the yellow domino!'

'*Mam'selle*, you take pleasure in mortifying me. Do you deem me capable of such fickleness? Suppose for a moment you are not what the world calls beautiful, you could not, by removing your mask, also strip

yourself of the attractions of your conversation—of that voice that thrills through my heart—of that grace exhibited in your every movement! With such endowments, how could a woman appear ill-looking? If your face was even as black as hers of the yellow domino, I verily believe I could not perceive its darkness.

'Ha, ha, ha! take care what you say, monsieur. I presume you are not more indulgent than the rest of your sex; and well know I that, with you men, ugliness is the greatest crime of a woman.'

'I am different, I swear'—

'Do not perjure yourself, as you will if I but remove my mask. I tell you, sir, that in spite of all the fine qualities you imagine me to possess, I am a vision that would horrify you to look upon.'

'Impossible!—your form, your grace, your voice. Oh, unmask! I accept every consequence for the favour I ask.'

'Then be it as you wish; but I shall not be the means of punishing you. Receive from your own hands the chastisement of your curiosity.'

'You permit me, then? Thanks, mam'selle, thanks! It is fastened behind: yes, the knot is here—Now I have it—so—so'—

With trembling fingers, I undid the string, and pulled off the piece of taffety. Shade of Sheba! what did I see?

The mask fell from my fingers, as though it had been iron at a cherry heat. Astonishment caused me to drop it; rather say horror—horror at beholding the face underneath—the face of the yellow domino! Yes, there was the same negress with her thick lips, high cheek-bones, and the little well-oiled kinks hanging like corkscrews over her temples!

I knew not either what to say or do; my gallantry was clean gone; and although I resumed my seat, I remained perfectly dumb. Had I looked in a mirror at that moment, I should certainly have beheld the face of a fool.

My companion, who seemed to have made up her mind to such a result, instead of being mortified, burst into a loud fit of laughter, at the same time crying out in a tone of raillery: 'Now, Monsieur le Poète, does my face inspire you? When may I expect the verses? To-morrow? Soon? Never? Ah! monsieur, I fear you are not more gallant to us poor "ladies ob colour" than your countryman the lieutenant. Ha, ha, ha!'

I was too much ashamed of my own conduct, and too deeply wounded by her reproach, to make reply. Fortunately, her continued laughter offered me an opportunity to mutter some broken phrases, accompanied by very clumsy gestures, and thus take myself off. Certainly, in all my life, I never made a more awkward adieu. I walked, or rather *stole*, towards the entrance, determined to leave the ball-room, and gallop home. On reaching the door, my curiosity grew stronger than my shame; and I resolved to take a parting look at this singular Ethiopian. The blue domino, still within the niche, caught my eye at once; but on looking up to the face—gracious Heaven! it was Isolina's!

I stood as if turned into stone. My gaze was fixed upon her face, and I could not take it off. She was looking at me; but, oh! the expression with which those eyes regarded me! That was a glance to be remembered for life. She no longer laughed, but her proud lip seemed to curl with a sarcastic smile, as of scorn!

I hesitated whether to return and apologise. But no; it was too late. I could have fallen upon my knees, and begged forgiveness. It was too late. I should only subject myself to further ridicule from that capricious spirit.

Perhaps my look of remorse had more effect than words. I thought her expression changed; her glance

became more tender, as if inviting me back! Perhaps—

At this moment, a man approached, and, without much ceremony, seated himself by her side. His face was towards me—I recognised Ijrra!

They converse. Is it of me? Is it of —? If so, he will laugh. A world to see that man laugh, and know it is at me. If he do, I shall soon cast off the load that is crushing my heart!

He laughs not—not even a smile is traceable on his sombre features. She has not told him, and well for him she has not. Prudence, perchance, restrains her tongue; she might guess the result.

They are on their feet again; she masks. Ijrra leads her to the dance; they front to each other; they whirl away—away: they are lost among the maskers!

'Some wine, mozo!'

A deep long draught, a few seconds spent in buckling on my sword, a few more in reaching the gate, one spring, and my saddled steed was under me.

I rode with desperate heart and hot head; but the cool night-air, the motion of my horse, and his proud spirit mingling with mine, gave me relief, and I felt calmer. On reaching the rancheria, I found my lieutenants still up, eating their rudely cooked supper. As my appetite was roused, I joined them at their meal; and their friendly converse restored for the time my spirit's equanimity.

#### FATHER MATHEW.

Ox Tuesday, the 9th December 1856, every vessel lying in Cork Harbour and river appeared with its colours half-mast high, and nearly every shop in the city had its shutters partially closed; for, on the previous day, Father Mathew, the beloved Apostle of Temperance, breathed his last at Queenstown. The local journals, Conservative and Radical, Whig and Tory, merging for once all points of sectarian difference, united in lamentations for a great and good man, and in bearing tribute to his worth. From their columns, and from other sources, but principally from an ably written article which appeared in the *Cork Examiner*, we shall compile a short biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the age.

Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, in the county Tipperary, on the 10th of October 1790. The Mathews were originally an old English Catholic family, some branches of which came over to Ireland with Cromwell. One of this family is mentioned by Swift as 'the grand George Mathew,' who was remarkable for the extent and splendour of his hospitality. It is stated, that a gentleman who had made a wager that he would compel him to break a rule of his house, which was, never to ask the name of any one who chose to offer himself as a guest, lost his bet, notwithstanding that he stayed three weeks in the house, and conducted himself with as much impertinence as he could possibly assume.

The subject of this sketch was left with eight brothers and sisters, an orphan, at a very early age. Lady Elizabeth Mathew, a relative of his father, took him under her care, and sent him, at the age of thirteen, to the Roman Catholic college, Kilkenny. There he continued for some years; and having evinced a desire to enter the priesthood, his theological studies were completed, partly in Spain, and partly at Maynooth. At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and after ministering for a brief period in Kilkenny, he was transferred to the house of the Capuchin order in Cork.

His conduct as a priest was exemplary. Not content with the ordinary labours attached to his office, he hired an old store next his chapel, which he converted into schools for the female children of his parish. At



one period, no less than 500 children were attending these schools. In this admirable effort he was seconded by a number of pious and charitable ladies of the city. In the year 1832, Asiatic cholera desolated Cork. Night and morning, Father Mathew was to be seen penetrating the miserable lanes of the most miserable parish in Cork, that of St Nicholas, seeking out subjects for the shelter of the hospital, and administering to them physical relief as well as spiritual consolation. During this dreadful time, his residence used to be besieged by claimants on his bounty, and none ever left it unaided or unanswered. On one occasion his secretary said to him: 'Sir, this is the last shilling we have.' His reply was: 'Give it, and let us trust to God.'

Great inconvenience was experienced by the poor of the city from the high price charged for burial-fees. In order to remedy this evil, Father Mathew took a piece of ground, known as the 'Botanic Gardens,' in the neighbourhood of the city, and converted it into a public burying-ground, a large portion of it being devoted gratuitously to the use of the poor. This, which is now one of the most beautiful cemeteries in these countries, afforded a most necessary accommodation during that cholera visitation, as well as during the terrible years of the famine-fever.

About this time, what may be called the public career of Father Mathew commenced. Hitherto, though his name was known far and wide throughout the country as the good and benevolent priest, yet the origin of his reputation lay almost entirely within the strict duties of his calling. He was now about to enter upon a course of exertion, which brought him a fame and a glory that cannot perish, but which at the same time entailed upon him endless troubles and vexations, beneath which his strong spirit eventually bowed, and to which may in no small degree be attributed his almost premature decay.

About the year 1830, a number of Cork gentlemen, including a Protestant clergyman, and some members of the Presbyterian body and of the Society of Friends, got up an association for the spread of temperance principles. The vice of intoxication had increased at that period to a fearful extent. The advance of education, and the consequently enlarged power of public opinion, had diminished its prevalence amongst the higher classes; but the poor had no such check upon their actions, and this deadly plague raged fearfully.

It was in vain that the newly formed society sought to counteract it: the good intentions of its members were recognised, but they had no influence over the people, and their society continued to exist for several years without having made any sensible advance. At length, in the month of April 1838, Father Mathew was induced to lend it his aid, and in a very brief period the power of his name was felt. Thousands flocked to his feet, to receive a pledge binding them to self-denial, of a character hitherto untried. Many drunkards joined it from a pure desire to reform, many from the excellent motive of wishing to afford a good example to their frailer brethren; very many from pure admiration of the good man who was now confessedly at the head of the movement; and vast numbers, who went to the meetings from motives of curiosity, in an enthusiastic impulse also joined. Thus the tide rolled from south to north, and west to east, until it spread over the entire country. Wherever Father Mathew went, he was hailed with delight and enthusiasm, and his progress was a kind of ovation rather than a journey of advocacy.

Miss Edgeworth thus describes the effects of the temperance movement in her own neighbourhood: 'In our village of Edgeworthstown, the whisky-selling has diminished since the "pledge" has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave the public-houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent

considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not add, to our moral satisfaction. The appearance of the people, their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general; and to the knowledge of this family, many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought, confirmed drunkards, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge. They have become able and willing to work, and take care of their business; are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children healthy and happy, instead of, as before the reformation, miserable and heart-broken. Very few, scarcely any instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge; but some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others. . . . Beyond all calculations, beyond all the precedents of experience, and all examples from the past, and all analogy, this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations, the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals, has succeeded and lasted for about two years.'

The effect produced upon the sale of intoxicating drinks in Ireland was extraordinary. Distilleries and public-houses in numbers were closed. Personally, indeed, Father Mathew was a pecuniary sufferer, as he caused a large and flourishing distillery which belonged to his brother to be shut up, shortly after his undertaking the temperance advocacy.

The wonderful reformation of which he was the apostle in this country, soon made the name of Father Mathew famous far beyond the limits of his own country, and he soon became an object of attraction to all the sight-seers who visited Cork. Their astonishment was great to find this man, whose reputation had reached them in remote lands, whose extraordinary munificence was scarcely less remarkable than his reformatory zeal, dwelling in an unpretending house in an obscure corner of the city. They saw that his levées were chiefly of the poor; among whom he went as a father and a friend, distributing with soft caressing manner, and in words of kindness that came fresh from the heart, his advice and counsel. They could see also that he had won the affections of every class, and that polemical animosity did not exist towards him.

In the year 1843, Father Mathew made a tour through England and Scotland, where he was received with a cordiality, and even with an enthusiasm which shewed how completely respect for his character and appreciation of his motives had overcome the prejudice against his profession as a Roman Catholic clergyman. This feeling was substantially evinced on a subsequent occasion, when, owing to the largeness of his charities, he became so far involved in pecuniary difficulties, that he was actually arrested for debt in Dublin. On that occasion, the generous English people subscribed largely to relieve him from his embarrassments, and on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £300 a year was granted him by the Queen. All this, however, merely went to satisfy the claims of his creditors, a sufficient answer to the trumpety charge which at one time was made, and which he even had to condescend to answer, that he was driving a trade in medals, and amassing wealth by means of the temperance movement! Had he sought riches, indeed, they might have been his; but as his heart was loving, his hand was open. Money he valued only as the means of assisting others, and the man who was one of the wonders of the age, and a benefactor to all who needed his assistance, has died himself a dependent, and not possessed of a shilling he could term his own.

The awful years of 1847 and 1848 afforded another opportunity for exhibiting the virtues of Father Mathew's character. About that period he received an invitation of a most flattering nature to visit Rome.

This he had always longed to do; but during the existence of the terrible ordeal through which his countrymen were then passing, he felt that his place was amongst them, and he remained in the plague-stricken city, distributing alms, organising committees of relief, and bringing the whole force of his powerful intellect to bear on the business of charity. The estimation in which his name was held was partly instrumental in obtaining from the American people their gift of corn, when disarming their ships-of-war: they crammed their magazines with food for the relief of the stricken country.

In the year 1849, Father Mathew was prevailed upon to visit the United States, in order to gratify the wishes of the millions of Irish who have made them their home. His reception, on his arrival at New York, was enthusiastic. Addresses from all quarters poured upon him; deputations from all the great cities of the States pressed to his presence, and he was fêted as an honoured guest in the White House. The restless disposition of the people kept him continually giving receptions, holding levées, and receiving demonstrations, until the mingled fatigue and excitement caused by the events of his American career, brought upon him two attacks of a disease from which he had suffered once before—paralysis. After recovering partially from the effects of the latter of these, he was advised to try the medicinal springs in the backwoods of Arkansas; and, accordingly, he spent the month of September in a log-hut in that remote locality, eight miles distant from any other human habitation. There he had no attendant but the old woman who owned the hut, and her son; and he was obliged to live upon Indian corn and the produce of the son's gun and fishing-net.

It was an interesting sight, we have been told, to see this pious ecclesiastic, who, wherever he went, had been saluted by the acclamations of thousands, offering up his act of adoration amidst the vast solitude of the pine-woods, the turf being his fragrant shrine, and his temple the great arch of God.

While in America, he administered the pledge to vast numbers of the Irish people resident there; and his departure from it was witnessed by all classes with a regret proportioned to their delight at his arrival.

We may here quote a sketch which Kohl, the German traveller, gives of him: 'I was formally introduced to the reverend chairman (at a temperance meeting), who presented me to Father Mathew. He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them; and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall; he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is throughout well built and well proportioned. His countenance is fresh, and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected; and, altogether, he has something about him that wins the good-will of those he addresses. His features are regular, and full of noble expression of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large; his forehead straight, high, and commanding; and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned; and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon's.'

From the time of Father Mathew's return from America, he never recovered his health. By this time, too, the movement to which he had devoted the energies of his life had suffered from various causes. The famine years, in depriving the people of all physical comforts, had induced moral degradation; and on his return, Father Mathew had the misery of beholding

the great fabric to which he had devoted almost superhuman energies, apparently crumbling away. The enthusiasm for total abstinence had in a great degree departed, and the numbers on the roll of teetotallers had diminished largely. But the effects of the movement had not passed away, and are still to be seen in the improved habits of the people, where they remain a standing monument to the man who alone could have effected that wonderful reformation.

As a proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese, we may mention that, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr Murphy in 1847, he was returned by them *Dignissimus* to succeed him in the see of Cork. The choice of the pope, however, fell on another. Father Mathew was set aside, either because the temperance movement was of too secular a character, or because he was in receipt of a pension from the English government, or because he had been arrested for debt; any of which, perhaps, was considered a canonical objection.

In 1852, Father Mathew, by the advice of his physicians, visited Madeira; but he returned home only more disabled in health. For four years he lingered on; but though weak and ill, he preserved the same winning sweetness of manner, the same thoughtful kindness for his friends.

He took up his abode at Lehená, the residence of his brother, Mr Charles Mathew, situated at a short distance from Cork. There, the gate was surrounded with poor applicants for the reception of the pledge, for alms, or spiritual aid. These he still received with the same kindness as when in the fulness of his health and strength. Towards the close of last summer, he went to reside in Queenstown, where he continued gradually failing in health, until on Tuesday, the 2d of December, he was attacked with a sixth paralytic stroke. He lingered, quite conscious of his approaching end, until the following Monday, when, apparently without suffering, he breathed his last.

On Wednesday his remains were brought from Queenstown to the chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity, which he had founded in Cork; and on Friday he was interred, with every possible demonstration of public respect and private affection.

Despite of the dreaching rain which fell during the morning, crowds thronged the vicinity of the chapel. 'Father Mathew,' one man remarked, 'had stood bareheaded for many a long hour, trying to get us to give up the drink.' And there the assemblage, estimated at 30,000 persons, continued until the mortuary ceremonial within the chapel had concluded, and the long mournful procession issuing from the central porch, bore the mortal remains of its founder to the tomb in the centre of that cemetery which stands another monument of his benevolent exertions. As the coffin came in sight, one deep, sorrowing, heart-felt moan escaped from the immense multitude, swelling, ere long, into loud wailing and lamentation—no matter of course *keening*, but the expression of sincere sorrow. The shops in the city were all closed, and during the morning, business was completely suspended.

Theobald Mathew, his enemies themselves being judges, was a great philanthropist, and during many years a true benefactor to his country. May the 'good' that he has done not all be 'interred with his bones.' May poor Ireland once more shake off the thralldom of 'strong drink;' and by so doing, achieve for herself a greater deliverance, a truer freedom, than demagogues ever promised, or insurgent fought to gain.

In any but an *Irish* sketch, it would seem incongruous to conclude with an anecdote, which, however, is so genuine and so characteristic, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

The proprietor of a large public-house in Cork was observed on the day of the funeral to be very demonstrative in his outward manifestations of mourning.

Not only did he appear in a suit of black with a long crape hat-band, but his shutters were kept strictly closed; not a chink was allowed to betray the nature of the liquid merchandise within.

'How is it,' asked a gentleman, 'that you are grieving for Father Mathew's death? I should have thought you would rather have rejoiced at it.'

'Ah, yer honour,' said the man, with that indescribable wink of mingled cunning and drollery which none but an Irish eye can contrive to execute—'sure I wouldn't sell a drop o' whisky to-night, if I didn't put up my shutters to-day!'

#### L A Y - M O N K S .

AMONG the favourite standard creations which the British public delights in having periodically served up for its delectation, must be reckoned the original old-established monk. This traditional personage, the *type moine*, as the French would say, may be said to flourish still, a thriving evergreen; and his appearance on the stage or in the novel scarcely ever fails to call forth the enthusiasm of every British heart. When Father Francis or Father Philip comes on the scene, bearing all his traditional marks and tokens about him, it is pleasant to see how he is at once recognised and greeted as an old acquaintance. The good man's shining poll, his person singularly developed about the epigastric region, his gait, which is slightly unsteady; in short, all the points belonging to the tradition are welcomed by the spectators as things familiar to them and their sires for generations back. We might almost fancy the holy men were to be seen every day in our streets, or were part of the 'institutions' of the country.

At the end of last century, the stage swarmed with monks, the horizon was clouded with crows and sad-coloured frocks—Sheridan and other ingenious mechanists supplying the article as wanted. The former fashioned a famous friar, to be found in the *Duenna*; and even through the sulphur and blue fire of the *Castle Spectre*, we catch a glimpse of a portly figure, who is facetiously accused of bearing about with him a 'tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl.'

Whence, then, this intimate knowledge of monk-physiology, this deep insight into monachologia? Has the tradition of Robin Hood's merry friar, or of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, been so affectionately preserved that we have come to know their ways and habits, as it were by heart? Perhaps it is that the Briton respects and appreciates such sleek evidence of good cheer, although impregnated with the papistical leaven. And this mention of good cheer brings us to another scene, where cowl and frock enjoy high popularity. Those who have assisted at symposia fast and furious where convivial chanting has been in vogue, may perhaps recollect some ancient of the party beginning to quaver about the sanctity and other perfections of a certain 'Ho-ho-ho-ly Friar!' Alack! that lay extends unto many verses, and convivial generosity delights in full measure. 'Chorus, if you please, gentlemen,' sings our ancient: instant signal for roar of voices in divers vinous keys, all asseverating that the late reverend was 'such a Ho-ho-ho-ly Friar!' If another elder favour, as it is called, the company with a song, he will most likely select *The Friar of Orders Gray* or *The Monks of Old*; but there is an antique simplicity about the first-named chorus which insures for it a more enduring popularity.

With this strong faith in cloistral joviality, it is not surprising that certain merry spirits should have conceived the idea of assuming for the nonce the likeness of these monks of old, hoping that by this means the ancient monastic spirit would be revived in them once more. In the teeth of the well-established maxim, that the cowl maketh not the monk, they fancied that by

adopting the garb, their revels would acquire that traditional flavour which was supposed to be found in perfection at the monkish board. Accordingly, we find divers of these pseudo-monastic establishments flourishing at different periods during the last century; wherein, it must be confessed, the rule of St Dominic or St Benedict had but little part; and to the more important of these we now purpose inviting the reader's attention; and first for Medmenham Abbey and the order of 'Franciscans.'

The distinction of being the most notorious man of pleasure of his day belongs without dispute to Sir Francis Dashwood, Baronet. About the middle of last century, he first began his eccentric career, and, like a noble marquis of our own time, continued for many years to trouble the repose of the good lieges of the city. But soon the pleasing excitement of beating watchmen and abducting actresses began to pall upon him—even street-encounters were found to have lost their charm—and he began to cast about for some new and untried sphere of action. Accordingly, Jack Wilkes and some other famous 'bloods' were called into council; and it was agreed that, under existing circumstances, the only course open was to found an order of a penitential character, the members whereof should bear the name of Franciscans, after their noble founder.

An ancient mansion, beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, was chosen as the residence of the new institute. Surrounded with hanging woods and moss-grown slopes, far away from the busy hum of men, it was in every way suited for the enjoyment of a calm and tranquil solitude. In days of old it had belonged to the Cistercian monks; but the holy walls were now destined to witness very different scenes. In the following summer, the prior, Sir Francis, with the rest of the brethren, including Mr John Wilkes, Mr Paul Whitehead, Sir Thomas Stapleton, and others remarkable for devotion and piety, repaired to the convent, and the 'exercises,' or rather the reign of riot, forthwith commenced. Every succeeding summer the same scenes were repeated; and Medmenham Abbey and its inmates became the wonder and the scandal of the country.

In *Chrysal*, or the *Adventures of a Guinea*, a now obsolete novel, written by an Irishman of that day, may be found a detailed account of the abbey and its inhabitants. At the secret rites of the chapter-room, none save the twelve brethren were permitted to be present. With such arcana we have no concern; but without coveting so edifying a prospect, there was enough left to puzzle and amuse the inquiring visitor.

Over the principal entrance was to be seen the famous Rabelaisian maxim: 'Fay ce que vouldras'—an encouraging precept, religiously observed. A little further on, another comforting motto met the eye: 'Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.' In the room where the brethren took their meals, was a statue of Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, together with another of the female goddess of the same virtue. Thus was conveyed a hint to both sexes. There were beautiful gardens, laid out with consummate taste, ornamented with statues and fountains; there were fragrant groves, 'cool grot, and mossy cells'; while classical inscriptions, in harmony with the scene, met the eye at every turn.

With such attractions, it was no wonder that conventual life was found agreeable. Accordingly, for many summers did holy Abbot Francis and his twelve merry monks repair regularly to the favoured spot. But there was a change impending. To the astonishment of everybody, and most likely to his own, Sir Francis Dashwood, the baronet, found himself on a sudden transformed into a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and into a peer of the realm by the style and title of Lord le Despencer. Stranger still, he was discovered



to have actually built a church near his house! Jack Wilkes, too, had got deep into his *North Briton* troubles, and was battling hard with government and the Commons. Lord Sandwich, whose morals were about on a par with those of the late prior, affected to have been shocked with some of Mr Wilkes's verses, and had thought it his duty, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to bring their author to justice. These were so many interruptions to the calm tranquillity of the abbey. Poor Brother Whitehead, better known by the sobriquet of 'Paul the Aged,' succumbed at last to the weight of years, and was laid in Sir Francis's garden with strange pomp and fantastic ceremonies. A funeral urn was set up over him by his sorrowing patron. In this way the members dropped off, and the meetings came gradually to be given up.

The year 1809 witnessed the establishment of a new order at Newstead Abbey, under the auspices of the youthful Lord Byron. This was not quite so systematic or so earnest an effort as that of the Medmenham ascetics. The noble prior was then scarcely twenty-one, an age scarcely suited to so important a charge; but he had an admirable coadjutor in Charles Skinner Mathews, the very beau-ideal of good fellowship, who discharged his duties to perfection. He too, like 'aged Paul,' was soon swept away. It is impossible to look at the scanty memorials left to us of his wit and genius, and not feel convinced that he would have turned out a brilliant spirit of the Sheridan order.

The 'exercises' and general distribution of the day may be best described in his own words: 'For breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, he would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always—even when an invalid—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast-party broke up. Then, for the amusement of the morning, there were reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.'

This irregular existence Lord Byron seems to have enjoyed amazingly, and in his letters dwells with pleasure on the time when they all used 'to sit up late in our friary, drinking claret, champagne, and what not out of the *skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments.' These 'conventual garments' were strictly canonical in shape and hue, though procured through the unsanctified medium of a masquerade warehouse, and consisted of a black frock with a cowl of the same colour. In this sombre garb would the brethren assemble in chapter, when the grim *skull-cup* in its silver mountings would be filled with choice Burgundy, and sent on its rounds. At the same solemn moment, would voices be uplifted, and the mystic *skull-song* chanted:

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled!  
In me behold the only skull  
From which—unlike a living head—  
Whatever flows is never dull.

The ghostly monk who was supposed to flit about the ruined galleries of the old abbey, might be supposed to stay awhile his midnight wanderings, and frown angrily on this mockery of his ancient functions.

For another illustration of this eccentric taste for playing at monks, we must cross over into the sister-

island, and go back to the close of last century, and the last days of the Irish Parliament. At that most brilliant period of Irish history, more wit and talent were gathered together in the metropolis than it will ever be the fortune of that country to look upon again. Strange to say, this brilliant aggregate, we suppose by way of concentrating its spirit, fell into *conventual* shape; and thus was founded the order of the Monks of St Patrick, better known as the Monks of the Screw. It would be an idle task to enumerate here all that composed that choice company; it will be enough if we mention that in its ranks were to be found the honoured names of Grattan, Curran, Barry the painter, Hussey Burgh, Ponsonby, Corry, and Father O'Leary; of Lords Avonmore, Arran, Carhampton, Charlemont, Kingsborough, Mornington, Townshend, and Kilwarden. Nearly every one of its members attained to eminence in their respective professions, the brethren furnishing chief-justices, chancellors of the Exchequer, judges, and sergeants for many years to come. It will be seen, from the character of the members, that their meetings were of a very different description from the wild orgies of similar institutions on the other side of the water.

Every Saturday evening the community assembled in chapter in Lord Tracton's House, arrayed in the canonical costume of a black tabinet frock and cowl, with a cork-screw hanging from the waist by way of rosary. The chair was usually filled by the prior, the facetious Mr Curran, who in that capacity, as may be imagined, was all that could be wished; Judge Johnson did duty as sacristan; and Mr Doyle, a master in Chancery, officiated as abbot. Those chapter-nights were often looked back to in after-years with fond and vain regrets; and no wonder, for they were true feasts of reason, unalloyed with any feeling that might hereafter come back on them attended with shame or regret.

Such were these three notable societies, illustrating, we think, very curiously the strange chapter of human eccentricities.

#### A WORKING-MAN'S GROWL.

I MEANT to call this a grumble, but the dictionary says that grumble means to complain without a cause; and so, having plenty of cause for complaint, rather too much, I call it a growl. Those who read to the end, will find out whether it is properly titled or not.

I like fair play, I do; and I don't like being told there's fair play for everybody in this hard-worked old England of ours, when there isn't. If fighting against the longest odds is fair play—if being kept down is fair play—if 'dignity of labour' being made to look undignified, is fair play; then I give in at once, and acknowledge that I have been mistaken.

My growl doesn't mean biting: I don't blame anybody in particular; but somehow it seems as if it would ease my mind to speak out and say things that have lain heavy upon me for a good while. At times they bewilder me rather, especially when school-boy recollections of my old catechism put me on thinking I ought to be contented in my station of life. Who knows, if I say my say, perhaps some one who reads it may be able to give me a word of advice, or to tell me whether I am mistaken?

I'm a journeyman mechanic, always have been, and don't expect ever to be anything else, though I used to dream about it once. I can handle the plane and saw as well as anybody else, and can turn out a chest of drawers or a dining-table fit for any gentleman's house; ay, or the Queen's palace for the matter of that. I have worked for a good many masters in my time; if I hadn't, there wouldn't be anything for me to write about.

I shall never forget the master I was apprenticed

to. All through the month I was on trial, I had my meals with him and his wife in the parlour; tea and toast for breakfast, and so forth. But the very next morning after my father came over to bind me, I was trundled into the kitchen, and a basin of slop, called broth, was put before me, and a few stale crusts. And this was a sample of my fare for three or four years: however, by hook or by crook, I managed to get enough; and that was something for a growing boy. I needn't say much about my master: two facts will paint his portrait. He kept me good part of my time splitting up tough, gnarly old roots of oak and elm for firewood, that being his way of teaching me to make chairs and tables; and at other times, when I was taking my turn in the workshop, he would come up and say to me and the other apprentices: 'Let's see which can look the silliest'; and then he would make a fool's countenance to the best of his ability, and the more we laughed, the better pleased he seemed to be. It was generally after dinner when he did this.

Nobody will be surprised that such a man became a bankrupt. He was just one of those—of whom there are too many now-a-days—not fit to be a master. My indenture was given up to me; and so, before half my time was up, I was free to go and work where I liked as a journeyman. I got taken on at another shop in the same town, and being kept steadily at the bench, I learned my trade, and managed to save something out of the trifle of wages that was paid me. After I had once got into the knack of it, the man who could work quicker, or shew better or sounder workmanship than I did, would have had to get up pretty early in the morning. 'Do your best, come what may,' was a saying of my good old mother's, and it stuck by me.

There was a Mechanics' Institute in the town; I joined it, and got well laughed at by my shopmates, who accused me of a wish to 'sneak in among the aristocracy.' I was always fond of reading, and never was fond of the public-house, and so there was always some sort of antagonism between me and the others. 'You ain't a-going to come your superiority over us,' they said, when I refused to go to the tipping-parlour at the Cross-Keys. I went twice, and that took away from me all desire ever to go again. To say nothing of sitting three or four hours in the midst of tobacco-smoke, the talk was of the stupidest and silliest kind—perfect bosh indeed, mingled at times with petty scandal. To sit and listen to that was more than I could bear, and I went over to the Mechanics' Institute, though it wasn't by any means what it ought to be. Since then, I have found out, by living in other places, that the managers of Mechanics' Institutes don't know how to make them useful or attractive in such a way as would catch working-men, that otherwise would be willing to join.

Now and then we had lectures, and I used to feel proud when the lecturer told us of the mighty achievements of labour and industry, and how that every working-man could get on if he only would. That was just what I wanted to do; but my shopmates wouldn't let me. Here was the beginning of my experience, that it isn't the classes above him—if there be any above him—that keep a working-man down, but his companions, those among whom he works and lives.

It isn't comfortable to be in the same workshop with men who think they have a right to annoy you in any way short of actual violence, and it isn't every one that's philosopher enough to bear daily taunts, sneers, and suspicions. Because their way of spending their overhours was not my way, they being seven or eight, and I only one, they chose to put me in the wrong, and act accordingly. However, I didn't quarrel with them, except when they played tricks with my work or hid my tools, and then I made a demonstration that insured me a week's quiet. A favourite notion with

them was, that I was trying to curry favour with the master, and thereby get a run of the best work for myself; but this was a mistake. I never liked any of the masters I worked for, except one, well enough to make a friend of him, or ask favours; and as for the one then over me, he looked on his men as so many machines, out of which he had to make as much profit as possible; and he had, besides, a habit of putting off 'settling-day' as long as possible for himself, and longer than was convenient for me.

To a man whose wage is reckoned by shillings, any loss or stoppage, though small in itself, is felt at once, and seriously. He is saving for some special object—perhaps to buy a new coat or a watch—and notes already the time when the sparings of many weeks will enable him to effect his purpose. But he is exposed to see his expectations balked by the whims or greed of his master, or the caprices of a customer. One day, when I was at work on a chest of drawers, my master took it into his head that he would have the drawer bottoms tongued and grooved in the joints, contrary to all former practice. The 'stuff' was thin, and required delicate handling, and the joints took me half a day, instead of half an hour. What matters that, you will say, so long as 'twas paid for. That's just where it is; it wasn't paid for. The governor wouldn't give an extra half-penny for the making, and so I was half a day out of pocket.

There's no harm in my saying that I was quick at finding out new and readier ways of putting things together, so that I could finish in seven and a half or eight days a job that used to take me nine days. This did very well for a time or two; but by and by, when the master saw that I wanted a new job sooner than he had calculated, he wasn't long in finding out the reason why, nor in cutting down my wage. I remonstrated, but it was no use; he stuck hard and fast to this: 'If the job doesn't take you so long by a day, it isn't worth so much by a day.'

Nice encouragement this for a young fellow who worked hard, and tried to keep himself respectable; and when I thought of what the lecturers said at the Mechanics' Institute—that it depended only on the working-man himself whether he would get on or not, I made up my mind, feeling rather bitter at the same time, that they had never known what it was to work with none but working-men for companions, and for a master who considered nobody but himself.

Another trick the governor had that none of us liked—for we all had a taste of it—was to give us something—a chair, a wash-stand, or a few yards of carpet—to carry to a distant part of the town when we were going home for the evening. No matter how far it was, he would say: 'There, leave that as you go by. It isn't a yard out of your way; when all the time the yard was a mile, very seldom less than half a mile. Not satisfied with the imposition, he took away whatever merit there was in our performance of it, and neutralised any satisfaction we might have felt in obliging him, by telling us the task wouldn't take us a yard out of our way. Why should a journeyman, whose spare hours are so few, be expected to give up a portion for a master who was so keen in cutting off the man's advantage in another way? My honest belief is, that nine out of ten masters ain't fit to be masters. Just think of having to go a mile out of your way on a cold or wet night, and missing the beginning of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute!

Another thing: why should a man be made to lose so much time between job and job—and why should he have to wait so long for his money? Suppose you are at piece-work. Well, you get a pound or twenty-five shillings a week to keep you going, and the master makes up the difference—not at the end of the job, as he ought to, but when it pleases him, and that's generally about once a year. Is it fair the master should

keep what belongs to the man? Why shouldn't the man have it, and put it in the savings-bank, and have whatever interest it brings? One day, when my governor owed me about L.10, I said to him very civilly that I should be glad if he would settle.

'What do you want with your money?' he asked snappishly.

'I want to put it in the savings-bank.'

'Oh, you are afraid of me, are you? Well, I'll settle with you.'

And so he did. He paid me the arrears, and gave me notice that when the job in hand should be finished, I might suit myself elsewhere.

I shifted my quarters to London, thinking there would be more independence for a journeyman in the great city than in a country town. I soon found work, in a shop not a great way from Tower Hill, kept by a man who supplied two first-rate houses with furniture. Of course he had his profit to make, and to do that he cut down prices to so low a figure, that unless you worked like a little steam-engine, there was no chance of making living wages. I got experience, it is true, and enlarged my knowledge of the trade; but in other respects, I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. My shopmates, about twenty in number, were a set of the greatest scamps I ever fell in with. Their talk was filthy and profane, and their habits to match. I wasn't squeamish, but the language I could not help hearing day after day made me feel degraded: my self-respect was wounded. And because I couldn't laugh at remarks that were thought to be witty, but were only foul and brutal, I was nicknamed the Methodist.

As for a sense of duty, I don't believe there was one of them knew what it meant. They would rob the governor, and cheat him in all possible ways. Their work was too often as bad as themselves, and the ingenuity they exercised to conceal its inferiority, would have more than sufficed to gain them first-rate wages by honest work in a first-rate shop. Stealing anything that was not likely to be missed for the moment was not stealing, only 'carrying it home.' And how they drank! Five pints of porter a day was the average; but two or three took their sixteen pints. And how perverse! Often when they knew a job was wanted in a hurry, they took all possible pains to delay it, and the governor would be driven crazy by their vexatious idleness. It was at times amusing to see what shifts he resorted to in order to get his precious crew to go ahead. Now and then he would make a pretence of stopping a man in the middle of a job to set him on another, whereupon there would be a terrible outcry: 'Tain't fair,' and 'Don't you stand it,' would be heard from all parts of the shop. The man himself would avow his determination not to stand it, and in proof thereof, work away at the job in hand, and finish it all the sooner. This was just what the master wanted; but what harassments he had to go through in dealing with such an unprincipled set. He had a good stroke of business, yet for all that I wouldn't have changed places with him for all he was worth.

I could fill whole pages with the sayings and doings of that workshop; but what would be the good? The manners, or rather want of manners that prevailed, shocked and amazed me; but I have since then fallen in with many—many more of the same stamp. Birds of a feather, it is said, flock together. How many do you suppose I have met with in my life like-minded with myself, decent fellows, whom I was glad to associate with? Guess! Only five; and one of them was a Frenchman.

Now, Mr Lecturer, are you quite sure it depends on the working-man himself whether he will get on in the world or not? It seems to me that his environment has something to do with the question; and when a man depends on his week's work for his week's means

of existence, he can't always choose what his surrounding shall be. And for keeping you down, there is nothing like your workmates. Talk about being tyrannised over by the aristocracy—crushed with taxes—enslaved by monarchy, and what not; nothing stops the way so surely and fatally as the stupidity, to give it no worse name, of your fellows.

It seems to me, therefore, that whether the working-man shall get on or not, depends on working-men. Even as the proverb says: A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.

I had heard of a large establishment at the west end, not ten miles from the marble arch, where hundreds of men were employed, and where a reading-room and all that sort of thing was fitted up on the premises for such as chose to make use of it. So I migrated from the east, and got work in what seemed such a promising place; not sorry to quit my ill-conditioned comrades.

By way of change, I took a turn at carpentry, which saved me from being shut up all the time in the workshop. I was employed a good while in some of those handsome rows of houses that link London to Kensington or Paddington; and not a little pleased was I to find myself in a place where good workmanship was the rule. Every man was expected to do his best, and the foremen took care to see that the expectation wasn't balked. I didn't see any deliberate dishonesty while I was under this firm; but I did see a good many things that soon shewed my chance of getting on wasn't much, if any, better here than elsewhere.

I work when I am at work. One day I was hanging shutters in a new house. I took pains, and by the time the foreman came round in the afternoon, had got four pair hung. He approved the workmanship, but said: 'You are too quick for us: two pair a day is quite enough.'

I stared. It was nevertheless true. You were not to do as much as you could—only as much as by custom had come to be considered enough.

No getting on here, thought I, after this specimen of trade morality. The firm who consequently had to pay their hands for dawdling, and the customer or tenant whose pocket suffered in proportion, were not taken into consideration.

And I felt sure there would be no getting on when I saw how many toadies the foreman had, and how pleased he seemed to be with their subservience, and the use he made of it. Nothing like choosing one of yourselves, my mates, if you want to set up a chief who will make you feel what it is to be kept down. The foreman of the department I was in kept a public-house, and if he didn't see you pretty often in his tippling-parlour in the evenings, you had nothing to expect from him but disfavour. He had two or three grown-up daughters, whom he wished to marry off his hands, and lucky was the carpenter who paid his addresses to any one of them. Tiptop work and tiptop pay always fell to his share.

And then, notwithstanding the high character of the establishment, I found there was room for dishonesty. If a man was going out to lay down carpets, or put up curtains, and so forth, he went to the office for the necessary supply of tacks, nails, screws, &c. Not unfrequently he had twice as many as he wanted, and what he didn't use he kept.

I couldn't take any pains to conciliate the foreman, neither could I turn a penny by selling surplus tacks, &c., to the little ironmongers in the neighbourhood; and so, as I never had the luck to get tiptop wages, I left the model establishment at the end of a year.

Since then, I have been trying to get up a business on my own account. It is uphill work, and not very promising; but I am not obliged to toady anybody, or to associate with blackguardism or dishonesty. I am, in fact, my own journeyman.



I could not go quietly on, however, till I had puffed away the black thoughts that had been gathering upon my mind from the beginning. Now I have done it: I have had out my growl, and there's an end.

## A RIDE IN THE FRENCH IMPERIAL MAIL-GIG.

LAST summer there appeared in the *Journal* an entertaining account of a journey from Pumps to Springs by her Britannic Majesty's mail-gig, with the ups and downs, and the *dura mala* of the mail-road. Would your readers feel interested in an account of the style in which his Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon conveys the letters of his loving subjects in this enlightened age?

It was my lot, some few weeks ago, to visit the *terra incognita*, or well-nigh such, once called Armorica, the cradle of our ancestors, now marked on the map of France as Finistère and the Côtes-du-Nord; and as my route lay beyond the line of service of the diligence, no other means of locomotion offered than to travel with the *courier* in the mail-cart.

I confess that the idea of a seven hours' ride by night was not inviting, especially as the distance was only thirty miles. But the saving of time and money being my object, I soon came to terms with the servant of the government; and at nine p.m. was ready in the yard of the Hôtel de France at Guingamp, awaiting the carriage that was to convey the imperial mail-bags to the Ultima Thule of Carhaix.

'Don't be afraid, sir,' was the salutation of a country woman, one Sally Heartel, who does for the English in that locality—'don't be afraid; the mare's only a little "fierce" or so!' This was not encouraging, but not likely to daunt one who had some experience of the Oxford screw.

'L'y'a le monsieur qui va voyager par le casse-cou,' said a *gamin* among the circle of idlers inseparable from a coach-yard all over the world. *Casse-cou*, that is breakneck in English; not a pleasant idea certainly. But there was not much time to deliberate: my bag and coat were whisked out of my hand, and deposited somewhere, and I was ordered to mount.

By the dim light of a stable lantern, I saw two wheels, and a confused jumble of leather, wood, and cords. The machine had no cushions, and but one spring, and every part had been patched and mended, till the original had almost disappeared. Indeed, the vehicle in any part of Europe would be a curious study for the antiquary: so shapeless and ancient, it appeared like a confused heap of wrecks, and waifs, and strays of the antediluvian world. The mare alluded to was an immense raw-boned cart-horse, with a hump like a camel, and so high, that the shafts were lifted up to an angle of 45 degrees to reach the tugs; and the cart hung back more fashionably than agreeably. But I had little time for further inspection; for the mail being deposited in the well, and a piece of broken board laid across for a seat, up we mounted—the jarvey on the near side, and myself on what should have been his seat in any other country. There is a police regulation in French towns, that after dusk every vehicle shall carry a lantern: accordingly, a lantern, or a substitute for it, with an inch of candle, was put into my hand; but as it had no handle, and only one glass unbroken, it required no slight skill to keep it alight, as the mare dashed off at once as soon as we mounted. With this feat of torch-bearing I was sufficiently occupied, till we got clear of the rattling stones and narrow lanes of Guingamp; but it was not long before the regulation inch of tallow burnt out; and the *octroi* being passed, we were left in outer darkness, and I was free to look after my own comfort.

The driver also seemed much at ease, for he dropped his reins, knotted his whip, and set himself to light his first pipe. I ventured to hint that the seat was rather hard, and likely to damage the nether man; but my friend only replied that it never did him any harm. So making the best of it with a great-coat, I settled down, and made no more remonstrance.

Jog, jog, on we laboured, to the music of the rattling ironwork and ungreased wheels, while the old machine lurched, and bumped, and lumbered along over the uneven road. But our worthy *conducteur* finished his pipe, and then composed himself to his first nap, and coolly laid his head on my shoulder to take it easy. This was rather too strong an invasion of rights; so, after shaking him off two or three times, I watched his coming, and as he lurched over to me, I leaned forward, and he pitched backwards with a momentum which nearly sent him over the back of the cart, and, as it was, deposited his *sombrero* in the road. This awoke him for a kilometre or so; and being repeated as often as he tried to establish himself, proved an effectual means of keeping him awake. But he dropped his hat three times, and his whip twice, before we arrived at Callac. Meanwhile, the 'fierce' one had it all her own way, and trotted, walked, or galloped at her own sweet will, tacking up the hills, and artfully easing the weight in descending by grazing the wheel against the bank.

Two hours brought us to the first *posada*, where a branch of withered misletoe shewed that bad wine needed a bush; the horse stopped spontaneously, and the driver, being on friendly terms with the hostess, entered jauntily, and invited me to follow. The inmates were all in bed—indeed, no Breton peasant sits up beyond eight o'clock—but sundry night-capped heads peeped out of the little cupboards which serve for bedsteads in these parts, and a voice told us to help ourselves to cognac or cassis—the latter a tolerable liqueur, made from black currants. The driver said we must stop twenty minutes to *laisser souffler* the mare; so there was no help for it; but the place was insufferably close—how the natives can sleep in those closets, with only an inch or two of the sliding-door left open, is an impenetrable mystery—and I was glad to get out of the cabin, and exchange for the fresh air of heaven the reek of the tavern, and disappoint the fleas, which were beginning to smell the blood of an Englishman.

Having at length resumed our route, two hours more of up hill and down hill, of lurching and screaming of the rickety old vehicle, and smoking and snoring of the driver, brought us to the poverty-stricken village of Callac, where we were to change—I was going to say horses, but we rejoiced in only one; and this operation occupied another hour. The driver disappeared with the quadruped, and left me in the motionless, and now more tolerable vehicle, to study astronomy. I think he also improved the shining hour, as I judged from his increased incapacity, and an odour of garlic that floated around him when he returned. I may mention, for the benefit of my piscatorial brethren, that the river Hyères, which runs from Callac to Carhaix, is well stocked with trout, and would repay a visit to those who don't mind roughing it. The road, however, became worse after leaving Callac; and the animal that replaced the 'fierce' one being by no means high-mettled, our progress was slow, but not sure.

'Il n'est pas mauvais montant,' quoth the coachman; but 'descendant il ne vaut rien': and so it proved. The road is all a series of hills; and when we had arrived at the summit of one, the descent was not so easy or pleasant as that is said to be which leads to Avernus. Bucephalus would insist upon subsiding on his hind-quarters, and sliding down two-thirds of the way; and then, aroused by a volley of whip-smacking and verbal insults, he would spring up, and dash down the remaining declivity like the

possessed swine of holy writ. It was one of these escapades that brought our ride and our vehicle to an untimely end.

I was just thinking how beautifully the flush sunrise was gilding the hill-tops, and how fresh the morning air felt, making amends for the miseries of the journey, when we began to descend the worst hill we had yet encountered. We were at the highest point of the great range of the Menè, that runs through Brittany from east to west; and while the sun was lighting up the hill-tops, the valleys were enveloped in the mist-wreaths, with the tall poplars rising spectre-wise from the vapour; and the road seemed to plunge into a vast lake beneath us. It was too steep for our horse to slide down, and our driver yurged him recklessly on. As we rushed down the steep and rotten road, I became aware of a sharp turn and a narrow bridge at the bottom, and got my legs loose for a jump. Just in time: for the off-wheel caught the edge of the parapet, and the horse went down with a terrible concussion; and a very complete upset was the consequence.

With a crashing and splintering up of the old car, I found myself flying through the air, and landed on the opposite bank, with his Imperial Majesty's mail-coachman underneath, and the body of the imperial mail-cart above me, some five yards from the rest of the apparatus. Shaking off the wreck, I emerged like a tortoise, and succeeded in kicking up the driver, who seemed desirous of lying where he was, and venting his remaining energy in heathenish or Breton execrations. We then proceeded to extricate the horse from the débris of the cart-harness in which he was struggling. The whole perch or body of the vehicle had dissolved partnership with the wheels; the imperial mail-bags, and my carpet-bag of ordinary life, were reposing side by side in the mud; and the whole affair, when set on its legs, seemed to have been transformed into a costermonger's cart. The next thing to be considered was how to perform the remainder of the journey. The driver was for riding into Carhaix, and sending back a conveyance for me; but this proposition was too indefinite to be entertained. The horse was a long-backed family quadruped, and could easily carry double; and as the cart was a total wreck, the best thing we could do was to take to the long-boat. So, disengaging the animal from the shafts, we disposed of the concern by pushing it out of the road; and then balancing the mail-bags on one side, and my *sac de nuit* on the other of the old horse, we climbed up, and rode the remaining league into Carhaix. I think our entry in this fashion created not a little sensation. It was only five A.M. when we arrived; but being market-day, there were plenty of natives with their horned charges to bid us welcome, and pass their jokes upon our appearance. I was only too thankful to have come off sound, wind and limb; but I suppose there was something mirth-provoking in the tall lean old chestnut ambling over the stones, with so singular, or rather plural, a burden. In front, Sancho Panza, with a huge sombrero and tight canvas pantaloons; and behind him, like Horace's black care, a tall gentleman in subfusc garments, and of sedate appearance, and the leathern bags hanging against the courier's sides—perhaps the natives may be excused for their jokes at our comical entry. But the driver, now metamorphosed into an outrider, brought his bags to the bureau in time; and made light of the breakdown, which one would think he had contrived for my special gratification, *pour amuser l'Anglais*. And the host at Guingamp, when I made my re-appearance at the table d'hôte, made a good story of the Englishman who travelled by the *casse-cou*, and inquired most kindly after the state of my dorsal and cervical vertebrae.

So there you have a true and particular account of the way the imperial post is exploited, as the French say in these parts. And if any of your readers pay this

country a visit, they can doubtless be accommodated with a ride in a *casse-cou*; and I can only hope they will like it.

#### AN OLD MAN'S QUESTION.

STRANGE soul of mine, that rose, I know not whence,  
Upon my sleeping life and mortal frame,  
Like morn's sun o'er the mountains, all aflame,  
And large through mists of childish innocence;  
Which, year by year with me up-travelling thence  
As hour by hour the day-star, madest aspire  
My heart, thus interpenetrate with fire  
It felt but knew not; spirit mixed with sense,  
Wisdom with folly, genius with mere clay—  
Soul, thou hast journeyed with me all this way,  
Oft hidden, oft beclouded, oft arrayed  
In searching splendours which my earth-life burned,  
Yet upward up to thee my true life turned,  
For, dark or clear, 'twas thou my daylight made.

Soul, set aloof in God's infinitude,  
And sometimes seeming no more part of me—  
This *me*, worms' heritage—than that sun I see  
Is of the earth he has with warmth imbued,  
Whence comest thou? whither goest thou?—I, subdued  
With awe of my own being, sit me still  
Dumb on the summit of this crowned hill,  
Whose dry November grasses, rain-bedewed,  
Mirror a thousand suns—That sun which was  
Light-bearer, passes: as thou soon must pass,  
My soul! Art thou afraid? thou who hast trod  
A path I know not, from a source to a bourne  
Both which I know not—fear'st thou to return  
Alone, even as thou camest—alone to God?

#### PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA.

In riding through one of her large agricultural valleys, a few weeks since, where so late as 1852 there was scarcely a mile of fence to be seen from one end of it to the other, I saw now continuous grain-fields, of six or eight miles in length, with perhaps a dozen reapers, of the best patent, marching up and down, levelling the tall thick harvest. Comfortable, substantial farmhouses, or neat cottages, stand upon the sites of the little canvas shanties we used to see, and neat, often elegant vehicles, have taken the place of the clumsy coarse wagon of those times. You may travel in summer on all the main roads, from the north to the south, in the best Concord or Troy coaches, and be received, in the more considerable towns, at as good hotels as you will find at corresponding places anywhere in the Union. And even this great material progress is less expressive of the growth of the state than other signs at present visible in her condition.—*Farnham's California*.

#### ALCOHOL IN WINES.

The Customs Surveyor-generals have been busy collecting information to ascertain what quantity of proof-spirit per cent. is usually contained in port wine, and from an extensive range of trials, they have discovered the minimum to be 26 per cent. The majority of trials shewed from 30 to 36—some few parcels contained 40 per cent.—and (although the latter is bad enough in all conscience) in a few exceptional cases, as much as 55 per cent. has been detected. Those containing more than 33 per cent. are still held under stop, until the pleasure of the Lords of the Treasury can be ascertained. On the 28th of June 1853, a Treasury Minute was issued, under date 28th October 1853, prohibiting all alcoholic liquids from passing into consumption, as wine, which contained more than 33 per cent. of proof-spirit.—*Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular*.

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